

Well, who can help these things? But, since I cannot have him, would you had her! What say you? Shall I speak a good word for you?' The old knight in question seems to have been of the modest age of fourscore and four; three months later there is another victim, Sir Robert Cook, aged a bare sixty-seven: 'ah, that good old man, I would so fain have had him! But I have no luck to them, they all die. If he would have married me first, and then have died, 'twould not have griev'd me half as much as it does now. Yet I was offered a new servant t'other day, and after two hours' talk and that they had told me that he had as good as two thousand pounds a year in present, and a thousand more to come, I had not the curiosity to ask who 'twas; which they took so ill that I think I shall hear no more on't. Never a man made worse bargain than you, when you played for the ten pounds I am to pay you when I marry. In conscience now, what would you give me to be quit on't?' Her wooers did not, however, always die. James Beverly survives, though his heart is quite broken for her. He had been at Emmanuel with Temple; and now, falling in love with Dorothy, put into her hand a love-letter from himself, pretending it had come out of Northamptonshire. Her reply was to throw it unopened on the fire, whispering (for she had kept her maid and the rector's wife in the

room for her better protection) that she
thought that 'the
quickest and best way of answering it'. It
was in vain that
'poor James' persisted; a fortnight later 'he
says 'twould
pity you to hear what sad complaints he
makes; and, but
that he has not the heart to hang himself, he
could be very
well contented to be out of the world'. Six
weeks later
still he is pitying Dorothy for giving herself
'to the
proudest, imperious, insulting, ill-natured
man that ever
was; one that before he has had me a week
shall use me